

Favoritism by Ms_Unicorn_Princess

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy Hargrove Being an Asshole, Billy Hargrove Tries to Be a Better Person, Cute Will Byers, Gay Will Byers, M/M, Not Beta Read, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Soft Billy Hargrove, Timeline may or may not be coherent, Will Byers Deserves Love, aged up a little, billy is 19-20, but still underage, will is 15-16

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Billy Hargrove

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2021-06-18

Updated: 2021-06-18

Packaged: 2022-03-31 13:53:33

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,209

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy does not pick favorites. He has lists in his head, one labeled "tolerable" and the other "intolerable". Will, though he doesn't know him very well, is one of the only people younger than him to make it under his "tolerable" list. Perhaps, since he's so special, Billy should get to know him.

Favoritism

Author's Note:

I started this a long time ago and only finished it today, so it definitely won't be a consistent upload schedule. Constructive criticism and spelling/grammar corrections are appreciated.

Billy moving out of Neil's house and into his own shitty studio apartment was the best thing he'd ever done in his miserable life. He wanted nothing to do with that man, his wife, or her little bitch of a daughter.

But, Susan pays him ten bucks for every time he gives Maxine a ride from school, whenever Neil isn't home and Susan can't be there to make sure Max gets home safe.

So Billy's leaning on the side of his car, parked in front of the school he's not even sure he's legally allowed to enter anymore, and not just because he graduated. Nearly all the cars are gone, except for like, teachers and shit, and the large crowd of students left about five minutes ago. The only people left are just a few loitering around, some definitely selling drugs and alcohol and other shit that Billy was getting progressively more and more tempted to buy.

Max does this pretty much every time she knows Billy's coming to pick her up, making up some bullshit reason to stay longer than she needs to and wasting Billy's time. This time, she came out to the front, yelled to Billy that she "forgot to turn in a paper" and turned her stupid ass right back around.

So Billy's waiting in the parking lot, smoking a cigarette and considering how hard it would be to get away with murder, not for the first time.

He knows that most of the time Max goes to hang out with her stupid nerd friends in the radio club or whatever the fuck. He thinks she said something about it once, but he knows for sure he was high when she told him. Really, Billy doesn't give a fuck about anything

she says, so it never really matters whether he's sober around her or not.

Billy doesn't like their little "Party". They're all annoying little nerd babies, but they all have their individual faults in Billy's eyes. Max's boyfriend definitely still holds a grudge, but that's not why Billy doesn't like him. He really doesn't care who Max dates now that she's not really his responsibility anymore, but Lucas doesn't know how to fucking listen to directions, so. Henderson is basically brothers with "King Steve", so they dislike each other through association. Max is a fucking brat, obviously, and the Wheeler kid despises him for the thing with his mom, which didn't even actually happen, thank you very much. Billy doesn't like him because he seems too full of himself, which is rich coming from someone like him. Hopper's kid is pretty fucking scary honestly, but Billy will never admit that to anyone ever, plus her dad is a cop, so he just chooses to keep his distance. It's impossible to read the girl, so in his mind it's just a mutual avoidance rather than a personal thing.

If he had to pick, he'd definitely say kid Byers is his favorite of Max's friends.

Again, not that he'd ever admit that.

Will is the only one who actually seems to know his place around Billy, the only one that actually shows him an ounce of fucking respect. Also, he's the only one who didn't see him almost get fucking castrated by Maxine and that freaky baseball bat, so that's definitely a point in his favor. Billy also has no actual problem with his older brother, other than the fact he looks a little funny and definitely shouldn't be banging a girl like Nancy, so really there's no competition.

And, well, speak of the devil and he shall appear. William Byers busts out of the school front doors like he's in a hurry to be somewhere, speed walking with his hands clenched around his backpack straps. But based on the three guys that bust out a few seconds after the door closes behind him, Billy guesses he's being chased. High school bullies, man. He misses that life.

Apparently, being Billy's favorite comes with some perks.

Like getting saved from getting your ass kicked in a high school parking lot.

Billy shouts "Byers" from where he is and honestly he's a little surprised at how quick Will's little bird neck snaps towards him. From what he's seen, the kids always really skittish. Another thing he likes about Will. It is extremely evident how scared he is of Billy, which is exactly what he wants most of the time.

He gestures for Will to come over, just a jerk of his head in the direction of his car, and the guys behind him shift like they're waiting for something to happen. He makes eye contact with the one who looks like he's in charge.

He's really nothing special. Tall, but kind of chubby, and really not attractive in the slightest.

The kid can't hold it, obviously, eyes moving but always glancing back to Billy whose eyes don't move their gaze.

He's still looking by the time Will gets over, and still doesn't look away when he tells Will to get in the backseat of his car.

When he hears the door open, then shut a few seconds later, he also sees the guys leave. He has no fucking idea where the fuck they're going, probably the first place they'll be out of sight, but he doesn't care anymore.

His message has been sent.

Even if he never sees Will again, they'll probably still leave him alone in fear of the off chance Billy shows up and beats their asses. Good.

Billy's always happy to see his legacy lives on.

He drops his cigarette and smashes it with his foot, then gets back in the car.

He doesn't turn to Will, just looks at him through the rearview mirror. He looks terrified, which is not what Billy is really going for right now.

He's the good guy this time, after all.

"Are you still riding that bike to school?" Billy asks after a second. Will jumps, like he wasn't expecting Billy to actually talk to him.

"Uh- yeah, I- well, I actually- um" Will fidgets and shifts on the edge of the seat, restricted from sitting properly due to the bag he still has on his back. "I do. Usually. Yes. But- but uh. No. Not right now."

The whole time Will never looks at Billy's eyes, only glances in his general direction.

And Billy really, truly, honestly tries not to sound like a dick when he says "Okay. So why not now?" but the way he asks the question is kind of snarky and he knows as soon as it comes out that it will not help in calming Will down.

Curse his extraordinary ability of constantly being the most powerful person in the room.

"Um," Will is playing with his fingers now, and usually Billy doesn't like when people don't pay attention to him while they talk to him, but he decides he'll let it slide for now. "Uh, Mike- Wheeler? I think you know him? Uh, his dad. Accidentally ran it over on S-" he pauses and takes a shaky breath. "On Saturday. So I don't have it anymore."

Billy shuts his eyes and nods. Tilts his head up to the roof of the car and just breathes. "Okay. Do you want a ride?"

When he looks at Will through the mirror, he nods. Okay then.

Now they just have to wait for Max.

And wow, Billy should buy a lottery ticket, because once again the front doors open and out walks the gremlin.

Billy starts the car and turns up the radio- not too loud like he normally would, but enough so he could hear well enough to use it to drown out Max if she tried to talk to him. When she gets in, Max immediately notices Will in the back seat.

She doesn't say anything. To him or to Will.

Billy knows that the next time they're alone, Max is going to yell his ear off and ask why Will was in the car.

Billy does not know if he will be able to answer that.

For now, he just drives the familiar path to where he used to live. He has no idea where Will's house is, so he'll drop Max off first and then get Will's address.

He knows he's been to the Byers house before, but after waking up from being drugged, his memory of it was a little fuzzy.

When he pulls in the driveway, Max asks if he'll "walk her inside". Of course he says no, but she forces him to with an ugly look that says "if you don't come with me I'll fuck your life up". Billy has no idea if she's actually capable of doing anything to him while he's 100% sober, but he gets out anyway.

The second they enter the house, Max asks for an explanation and Billy gives the most honest, good hearted, I-am-a-good-person thing he could possibly say.

"Hey, I'm just doing him a favor. He needs a ride home, I happen to have a car, I'm just trying to be a good guy. Don't worry about it."

Max glares and it is not frightening at all. Maybe, if Billy was a better person and Max wasn't an asshole, he'd actually teach her how to be menacing. Maybe even how to throw a punch or two.

But Billy's not a good person, so he waves off her lame "you better not do anything to him" and leaves to get back in his car. He can tell that she doesn't want the conversation to end, but he can't be bothered to try to find it in himself to care. Will is still in the back, bag on his shoulders, eyes in his lap. Billy doesn't bother to ask him if he wants to get in the front because he knows that he doesn't. Instead, Billy asks for directions.

Will points him in the direction, tells him where to turn and at what streets. Turns out, Will lives kind of far and Billy's honestly a little impressed that his tiny chicken legs can get him home every day. As they drive up his unnecessarily long driveway, Billy considers

engaging in conversation.

On one hand, the kid is still visibly shaken. He also probably doesn't like Billy, due to his poor relationship with some (all) of his closest friends. His discomfort is likely aided by the fact that Billy has a reputation for doing bad things to people who seemingly didn't deserve it, and now he knows that Billy knows where he lives.

On the other hand... Billy knows nothing about the Byers kid and what he's like, other than quiet and shy. Billy doesn't like the unknown.

The cons outweigh the pros. However, the pros have more Billy benefits, and he's a selfish bastard.

"So Willy, how's your day been?" Billy asks, and the kind tone he puts on sounds underlyingly malicious even to his own ears. God, he is the worst and being comforting. The thought of himself being so bad at a type of social interaction makes him a little upset. Smooth-talk was his thing. He should be good at this. If only Will was a middle aged woman in a bikini and a sun hat sitting by a pool.

"Um." And suddenly, Billy's attention was all back on Will. "My day-uh, not... that great, honestly. You- uh, but you could probably tell by th- um- yeah." Will tries to sink into the seat, but he still has his bag on his back, so it looks a little awkward. Billy notes that it is definitely too late into the drive to tell Will he could take his bag off.

"Yeah, I should've figured." And really, he should have. Not many great days end in high speed foot chases in an almost empty parking lot. Not for normal people, anyway. Not for people like Will. Not for people who didn't do drugs for fun and had sex for money and stole from said people they were having sex with just to go buy more drugs. Not for adrenaline junkies, which Billy would not claim he was but would not deny if asked. And then, Billy's brain-to-mouth filter, which is practically non-existent, decides to force Billy to speak the worst intrusive thought he's ever had.

"Are you going to need more rides?"

He can't even find it in himself to be upset that he said that.

He can't decide what answer he's hoping for. Luckily, he doesn't have to.

"Um, yes? But if you're not offering, I mean- obviously you don't- um. I wouldn't want to- I don't want to be, like, a burden or anything. I'm- I can walk."

So.

Billy decides that Will Byers is very interesting, and maybe he should get to know him. Zombie-boy isn't a name given to just anyone, and maybe he can find out why small, squeamish, teensy little Will Byers has managed to go unseen by most.

"I don't do early mornings, but I'll be there tomorrow afternoon. I would prefer if you didn't make me wait."

And with that, Will nods, and gets out of the car to go inside his empty house.

Author's Note:

I really like writing Billy. I think next chapter I might try to go for Will's pov, but I haven't decided yet. We'll just have to see I suppose.